

**EXHIBIT 1**  
THE PLAY

# WHO'S HOLIDAY!

A Christmas Comedy in Couplets

by

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FIRST REHEARSAL DRAFT  
September 26, 2016  
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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

CINDY LOU WHO, 45, . . . . . JENNIFER SIMARD

Unlike the bright-eyed character of her youth, she is no longer an innocent. Having been dealt a tough hand in the game of life, she desperately attempts to remain cheery in all situations. Despite her style-challenged attire and now poorly permed bleached blond hair, there still is a glimmer of hope in her beaten down spirit.

## SETTING

A silver bullet trailer in the snowy hills of Mount Crumpit

## TIME

## Christmas Eve

*WHO'S HOLIDAY* is performed without an intermission.

WHO'S HOLIDAY!

*The curtain rises on the interior of an older, modest Airstream silver bullet trailer. The furniture is well worn, the carpet has cigarette burns, and the overall taste is reminiscent of 1970's suburbia. The home is decorated for the holiday, with colored lights strung around the windows, holly and lit plastic snowmen strategically placed, and a not so tasteful Christmas tree in the corner of the main room. There is one single stocking taped on the Kelvinator refrigerator.*

*CINDY LOU WHO enters holding a plate of appetizers (Ritz crackers with spray cheese) while humming a Christmas Carol. She places the dish on the coffee table and does one last check around the trailer to make certain everything looks perfect. She happens to glance out at the audience.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Oh hi! Well hello! I'm so glad that you're here.

But I can't talk that long cause it's that time of year.

See, I'm throwing a party tonight for some pals.

Just a little soiree for some guys and some gals.

I'd invite you to join, but my place is so small.

And if I let one, I'd have to let all.

But we can chat for a bit, until they all show.

And then I'm afraid - well - you'll all have to go.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

Oh, you all look so snazzy. Just bursting with cheer.

(Waving) Hi mister! Hi lady! Hi queer in the rear!

You remember me, right? Oh, I'm sure that you do.

When I was a youngster? I was Cindy Lou Who.

You recall my blue eyes. My pink one piece pajama.

It was a present that year from my now dead great gramma.

Such an innocent I was. Oh, the ignorance of youth.

Then life starts to unfold and you get kicked in the tooth.

But I'm getting ahead. I don't mean to confuse.

I just hate Christmas Eve. As do some of you Jews.

See? My loathing stems from a deep-rooted place

In a town known as Who-ville, where I can't show my face.

You remember the city. So festive. So white.

Our holiday seasons were filled with delight.

How we'd sing "Fahoo Fores Dahoo Dores" with glee

As we put goo-goo-gums and foo-foo-fluffs on the tree.

(Whatever the fuck those were.)

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

When you all saw me last, I was two, maybe three.

Twas the night I met Santa, or so he told me.

He wore the same clothing, the buckled suit and the hat.

But something had changed with this strange copycat.

He was green and quite large. Not man and not beast.

He didn't look like Santa. No. Not in the least.

His real intent was to stop Christmas that year,

So he snuck into town with his doggy reindeer.

He came right into our home when we were all sleeping.

But I then heard a noise. So out of bed I went creeping.

I watched for awhile as he was stealin' our shit.

Then I cooed by mistake and he saw me. That twit.

"Why Santy Claus Why?" I asked him sincerely.

As he grunted and snorted and made his way near me.

He told me some lie about "electrical malfunction."

So fast with the fibs. So resourceful. Such gumption.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

But I bought his whole story. That's what the young do.

I thought he was Santa - and his words were all true.

How would I know he was evil or crass?

He gave me some water. Then patted my ass.

*The telephone rings.*

Excuse me a moment. This needs my attention.

A guest might be lost and want some direction.

*She answers the phone.*

(Into receiver) Hello. Merry Christmas. And how do you do?

Yeah. You're speaking with me. It's Cindy Lou Who.

Oh hi Thidwick. (to audience) It's Thidwick, the big-hearted moose.

(Into phone) Where are you? What's happening? Come over. Let loose.

(Disappointed) Oh. You can't? Oh no. I'm so sorry to hear.

An antler infection? It won't disappear?

No. That's okay. But it won't be the same.

Yes. Thank you for calling.

*She hangs up the phone.*

Ugh. That excuse was so lame.

All moose shed their antlers in winter, I swear.

He thinks I'm as dumb as a box full of hair.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

But that's okay. Other friends will soon come.

And believe you me, they are fun, fun, fun, fun!

That moose can't upset me. I won't make a big stink.

I'll just get my party started with a holiday drink.

*She walks to the back of the trailer.*

Now let's see. I have Vodka. And bourbon. And gin on this table.

I'll just fix me a cocktail while y'all read your Playbill.

*She starts fixing herself a drink, hums a little to herself.*

Oh. I'm sorry. You must think I'm so terribly rude.

Any drinkers out there? Anyone in the mood?

*She points to a man in the audience.*

You sir. Come up. Don't be shy. Don't be quiet.

Watch your step. There you go. Oh, I bet you're a riot!

*The man comes up onstage.*

What's your name?

MAN

---

CINDY LOU WHO

Oh that's a nice tag.

From the way that you dress you look like a - "Michael".

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

Where you from? Wait. Let me guess. Delaware?

MAN

---

CINDY LOU WHO

Oh. Well. We all have to live somewhere.

(Even if it's in God-awful \_\_\_\_\_.)

What do you do for a living? Something acclaimed?

MAN

---

CINDY LOU WHO

Oh. I see. Well. You should not be ashamed.

(Maybe a little ashamed.)

Now just a splash of some nice, cold cranberry water.

I don't make a bad drink for a Republican's daughter.

*She starts to hand him a drink, pulls back.*

You're not in AA or any of that nonsense?

MAN

---

CINDY LOU WHO

Cause I don't want your relapse on my fuckin' conscience.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

Here's to you, \_\_\_\_\_, my handsome sweet pup.

Merry Christmas. Happy Holidays. Okay. Bottoms up.

*They both take a sip. She spray spits it out.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Whoa! This is strong. I have got to be careful.

(Flirting) One more of these and I'll sure be a handful.

Mmm. It's nice meeting you, \_\_\_\_\_. You are a treat.

(Over him) Okay. We're done here. You can go back to your seat.

*The man leaves.*

(He wasn't as fun as I thought he'd be.)

*She sees latecomers entering the theatre.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Oh look. They must have just opened the gate

To let in the rude people who arrived here so late.

Oh no, don't mind us. We'll just wait till you're fine.

Screw all the folks who actually got here on time.

All settled now? You sure? We all set?

Don't get outta those seats. And yeah, that's a threat.

(Under her breath) Ugh. These holiday tourists make my head go cuckoo.

(To latecomers) You sure you don't wanna go next door and see Avenue Q?

(No? Lucky us).

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

What was I saying? Oh yes. That green freak.

Who stole all our things and made our Christmas look bleak.

Well. The next morning came and we Whos were not happy.

With no toys to play with, the day was - well - crappy.

No jingtinglers. No pantookas. No skates for the meadow.

It's like we woke up and now lived in a ghetto.

(I'm sorry. Was that word offensive? It gets worse.)

Oh, I cried and I cried till I got a good slap.

My parents were not entertaining my crap.

They called me ungrateful, thankless and churlish.

They demanded I start acting more happy and girlish.

"Cindy", they said "Christmas ain't about gifts,

It's about joy and peace. Quit your cryin' and sniffs.

So the whole town got dressed and stood round the big tree

We sang that same song. Some folks were off key.

But we didn't let anyone spoil our tune

Cause we all had each other, in our Who-ville commune.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

And that in itself was truly enough.

We Whos stood together in good times and tough.

And that love that we shared made me feel oh so swell

Though I still wanted a Malibu Barbie doll from Mattel.

*The doorbell rings.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Ohh. My friends have arrived. I've now gotta go.

I'll catch up with you later. It was nice chatting, ya know?

*The doorbell rings again.*

(Screaming) One minute! I'm coming! (To herself) Oh, such holiday luck.

To be surrounded by friends.

*She opens the door and a flurry of snowballs are thrown at her.*

JESUS CHRIST! WHAT THE FUCK??!

*We hear children's laughter as she screams out to them.*

YOU KIDS ARE IN TROUBLE. DON'T YOU READ? NO TRESPASSES!

YOU SHOW UP AGAIN AND I'LL KICK ALL YOUR ASSES!

*She slams the door, grabs a towel and wipes the snow off her face and dress. She turns back to the audience.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Well that wasn't nice. My spirits are dropping.

Just look at me now. My new dress is now sopping.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

I need to go change. I'll be back in a twinkle.

*She moves behind a partition for a quick moment, instantly reappearing in a new dress.*

There. This is pretty. Not even a wrinkle.

(Just like Dreamgirls.)

Oh these kids now in Who-ville are so nasty and mean

But I'll get them back come next Halloween.

(I'm kidding. I would never put razor blades in apples. Again.)

I need to cheer myself up. I'll just take out my stash.

Have any of you smoked a pipe filled with Who Hash?

*She retrieves a bong and a baggie from behind the couch.*

Oh, don't you Ohhh and Ahhh me. It's like a prescription.

It keeps me in check. So I don't have a conniption.

*She begins to stuff the hash in the bong pipe.*

You may not know this, but I suffer such depression.

I don't do this a lot. Don't get that impression.

I've just had a tough life, which I'm sorting and dealing

And sometimes a smoke - well - it keeps me from feeling.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

One quick puff then I'll see what my plan is.

Just give me a sec -

*She takes a large puff from the bong.*

- oh, this shit is bananas.

*She puts the pipe down.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Okay. So. Back to what happened on that one crazy Christmas.

As that Grinch rode away with our toys on the isthmus.

(Oh, I'm sorry. An "isthmus" is a little strip of land forming a link between two larger parts of land, usually joining structures, craters or clefts larger than itself. I'm sure that went right over poor little \_\_\_\_\_'s head. Let's all try to dumb things down for him from now on.)

Well. All of a sudden, we hear this "boo-boo, boo-boo"

From a bugle high up on a hill out of view.

Then a sled tumbled down from that snowy white cliff

With that man-beast aboard, we remained rather stiff.

That creature, that ogre, who took everything.

Brought all our toys back when we started to sing.

And I thought to myself, how peculiar, how strange.

That someone like him was now able to change.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

We Whos were so moved by his act of contrition  
We invited him to share in our holiday tradition.  
Christmas was a time to forgive and to care  
We asked him to stay. We added a chair.

That Grinch sat to my left at our afternoon feast.  
We even let him carve our delicious roast beast.  
After dinner, he bravely told us the facts.  
How he lived by himself with just his dog Max.

Such a sad little life, it brought a tear to my face  
How he could live all alone in that faraway place.  
Well. From that day forward, we became rather chummy  
That green thing and I. He was charming. And funny.

He would drive into town in his little oxcart  
He was thoughtful and kind - for an ugly old fart.  
He taught me to skate, to ride my bike down the street.  
He took me for ice cream. Ohhh. That monster was sweet.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

Years flew by and we became rather close.

My school chums didn't get it. They just thought he was gross.

But every so often you befriend someone offbeat

Who can teach you new lessons. Make you complete.

I didn't care if he was different or not like the rest

He treated me nicely. That's my only test.

I'm not going to fib, I can't even pretend.

That silly 'ol Grinch. He became my best friend.

But things started to change when I turned eighteen.

I was becoming a woman. And he? Was still green.

The night of my birthday, he took me alone to the dock.

Where he gave me my present. His big, thick, long-

*The telephone rings.*

(Excuse me.)

*She answers the telephone.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Merry Christmas. Why aren't you here at my party?

Oh Yertle the Turtle. Yeah. I knew you'd be tardy.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

What? I can't hear you? My phone's not connecting.

Oh. Congratulations my friend. Your wife is expecting?

How soon? How exciting! How thrilling! How nifty!

The doctor supposes she's due to have fifty?!

Oh. She's not feeling well. Yeah. Sure. No. I get it.

You're not stopping by? Don't worry. Don't sweat it.

Yes. And to you and your wife as well.

Merry Christmas. Happy New Year. (*screams*) YOU CAN BOTH GO TO HELL!

*She slams down the receiver. Beat. Then:*

CINDY LOU WHO

Oh, come on. How many turtles lay eggs in snowtime??

If that liar were here I'd crack his shell with xenotime!

(Oops. Sorry. Did it again. You see, "xenotime" is a yellowish-brown mineral that occurs in some igneous rocks and consists of a phosphate of yttrium which is the chemical element of atomic number 39, a grayish-white metal generally included among the rare earth elements. Poor \_\_\_\_\_'s gonna need to Wikipedia all this shit when he gets home.)

Well. Half of my guests are clearly not coming.

Calling this late. Their behavior is numbing.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

But the others will be here. I know that they will.

They're just not that punctual. Where the hell's my Advil?

*She starts looking around the trailer.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Oh fuck ibuprofen! I need something stronger.

I'm so nervous and edgy. I can't take this much longer.

*She gets down on her hands and knees and looks under the couch.*

CINDY LOU WHO

I know I dropped it somewhere. Oh poo. Damn it all.

Where is it? Wait. Found it. My last Tramadol!

*She gets up from the floor with the pill in between her fingers.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Can I take this with liquor? No? Yes? Maybe so?

Oh heck. It's my party. Let me give it a go.

*She pops the pill and drinks the rest of the cocktail.*

There. Good. Yes. Great. I feel better already.

Although that cocktail has me feeling somewhat unsteady.

Please don't judge all my drinkin' n druggin'.

It's not like I'm out all night tweakin' n clubbin'.

(Anymore).

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

I'm really a homebody and just stay in this shelter.

And the liquor and pills - well - Mama needs a 'lil helper.

Where were we? Oh. Right. The first time I got laid.

And if you think black men are hung? Honey, try goin' jade.

When he first took it out, I almost ran 'way.

Cause that thing 'tween his legs grew three sizes that day!

But he was gentle and slow. He took his time with me then.

And once I relaxed? HE HIT IT AGAIN AND AGAIN!

Ohh, I was transported, oh yes, from my back to my front.

I 'specially liked when he'd stick his tongue in my - left ear.

(Ohhh, there are some dirty birds in this crowd.)

All these new and strong feelings I had never felt before.

My heart was exploding for my sweet paramour.

I would meet every day with my secret new playmate

Then a month had gone by and I failed to menstruate.

Oh, I had to do something and do something quick.

So I went to the drug store and peed on a stick.

I went to the doctor and my worst fear did spread.

When my blood work came back? The rabbit was dead.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

I ran to the Grinch and relayed my new finding

He just smiled and laughed. Found my news so exciting.

Then he kneeled before me, got down on one knee.

He took my hand in his claw and said: "Marry me"

When I told my parents they weren't pleased in the least

I mean, who wants their baby girl deflowered by a beast.

My mother was crying as Dad looked up from his desk.

A mixed marriage of color to them was grotesque.

I pleaded with them. "You don't understand!

I love him. I know it's not what you had planned!"

My father, he grabbed me, locked me into my room.

"You'll stay up there, Missy! He will not be your groom!"

Hours and days passed as I started to plot.

Cause despite their displeasure - I was not throwin' away my shot!

*The lights change. Music.*

CINDY LOU WHO

(raps)

MY NAME IS CINDY LOU WHO AND I AM HERE TO SAY

IF YOU HAVE A SHOT IN LIFE DON'T GO THROW IT AWAY

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

WHETHER WORK OR PLAY OR EVEN CRAZY ROMANCE  
GET OUT IN THE WORLD - GO TAKE A CHANCE  
NOW MY MOM AND DAD THOUGHT I WAS LOSING MY MIND  
CAUSE MY ACHIN' FOR THAT MONSTER PROVED THAT LOVE IS BLIND  
THEY COULDN'T UNDERSTAND, THEY LOOKED AT ME WITH SUCH AWE  
CAUSE THEY REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE A GREEN SON-IN-LAW  
GREEN SON-IN-LAW  
GREEN SON-IN-LAW  
THEY REALLY DIDN'T WANNA HAVE A GREEN SON-IN-LAW  
NOW THAT GRINCH, HE WAS UGLY AND YEAH HE WAS BAD  
BUT I BECAME A PLUSHIE JUNKIE AND THOUGHT HE WAS RAD  
HIS TEETH WERE BROWN AND HE SMELLED KINDA FUNKY  
BUT WHEN WE DID THE NASTY I WAS HIS CRAZY MONKEY  
ONLY EIGHTEEN - DIDN'T KNOW MANY MENS  
NOW I'M LOOKIN' IN DA PHONE BOOK FOR O-B-G-Y-N'S  
I HAD TO BE THAT GRINCH'S WIFE, THAT WAS MY GOAL  
THERE WAS NO WAY I'Z BIRTHIN' WITHOUT THAT 'OL TROLL  
WITHOUT THAT 'OL TROLL  
WITHOUT THAT 'OL TROLL  
NO WAY I'Z BE BIRTHIN' WITHOUT THAT 'OL TROLL  
EV'RY TOUCH, EV'RY MOVE, EV'RY TIME THAT WE KISSED  
I KNEW THERE AND THEN I COULD NO LONGER RESIST

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

SO I PLANNED TO RUN 'WAY WITHOUT ANY FUSS  
BUT MY 'RENTS 'R ALL UP IN MY SHIT, REFUSE TO DISCUSS  
THEIR LITTLE CINDY LOU, WHO THEY SPENT YEARS JUST LOVIN'  
BUT NOW THEY'RE FREAKIN CAUSE THEY KNOW I GOT THIS BUN IN THE OVEN  
I MEAN, WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? WHY THEY SHAMIN' ON ME?  
IT'S NOT LIKE I TOLD THEM I CAME DOWN WITH HEP C  
NOT GETTIN' HEP C  
NOT GETTIN' HEP C  
CINDY LOU WAS NEVER GONNA GET HERSELF NO HEP C  
I NEVER, NEVER, NEVER THOUGHT THAT I WOULD GO GREEN  
WHEN I WAS JUST A GIRL, IT NEVER DID SEEM  
IT WAS WHAT I REALLY WANTED BUT MY HEART 'N MY MIND  
WAS PRIED OPEN AT LAST SO I CAN FINALLY FIND  
A LIFE FULL OF LOVE, WITHOUT BIGOTRY  
WHY CAN'T WE JUST LET PEOPLE BE WHO THEY BE  
WITHOUT DISCRIMINATION OR NARROW-MINDEDNESS, SEE?  
JUST LOVE WHO YOU WANT. DON'T YOU AGREE?

*The lights change back. Music ends.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Betcha all didn't see that comin' or expect that to hap  
Despite what you think, some white girls can rap.

Anyway. I starved myself in my room without friends  
Until the fourth day my parents came to make their amends.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

They opened my door. They said they were sorry.

They brought be some cheese and some fresh calamari.

Dad said he'd forgive my little moral evasion

If I promised to marry a boy who at least was Caucasian.

From that weird Scottish clan, he brought in Morris McGurk,

the kid from next door who I always thought was a jerk.

Morris, now a young man, seemed rather nervous.

He got Dad's approval cause he just bought a circus.

If I pledged to marry Morris, my parents would forgive

and release my large dowry on which we could live.

*The oven timer buzzes.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Oh. Wait. Stop. Hold on to your nerves.

I don't want to burn my tasty hors d'oeuvres.

*She places oven mitts on her hand, walks over to the kitchen and takes out a tray from the oven.*

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

Oh, these came out so well. So warm and nutritious.

Anyone want to taste? I swear they're delicious.

Oh so many people are hungry out there.

I'll come down to you. No. Just stay in your chair.

*She walks down into the audience and offers hors d'oeuvres.*

CINDY LOU WHO

There you go. One each please. Let me serve. Please don't yank it.

(To an older woman) Do you know what these are?

OLDER WOMAN

Pigs in a blanket?

CINDY LOU WHO

Yes. Pigs in a blanket!

(We have a smart one on this side. Unlike poor \_\_\_\_\_ who has to make a living \_\_\_\_\_ in that \_\_\_\_\_ he works at).

(To the woman) What's you name, sweetie?

OLDER WOMAN

\_\_\_\_\_.

CINDY LOU WHO

Oh, \_\_\_\_\_. Nice to meet you, honey.

And that ring on your finger! You must come from money.

*She screams to the back of the theatre.*

CINDY LOU WHO

How 'bout you people back there? You all want some treats?

*She pretends to walk back then quickly turns toward the stage.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Tough shit. Next time buy better seats.

(Cheap TKTS bastards).

*She responds to their reaction.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Oh really? You want to start something, Mr. Man with the Cup?

Don't make me come back there, bitch I'll fuck you right up.

*She throws an hors d'oeuvre at him.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Aren't these just yummy? They were made with good fats.

But I couldn't afford meat so I made them with rats.

(Oh, I'm just kidding. (*under her breath*) No. I'm not)

Okay. That's enough. You don't need to be pests.

Let's get back to my story and leave some for my guests.

*She gets back onstage.*

CINDY LOU WHO

So. I agreed to marry Morris and swore I'd not falter.

But on the day of my wedding, I left McGurk at the altar.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

I ran away from Who-Ville into the arms of the Grinch.

I never looked back. Not once did I flinch.

We were married days later despite all the objection.

And so we were wed 'mongst a small weird collection.

Horton was there and the Cat in the Hat.

The Lorax showed up. And oh gurrrl, she got fat.

The Sneetches and Wocket brought that obstinate Sam

Who is now totally vegan. So no green eggs and ham.

Our wedding was lovely on top of Mount Crumpit.

We exchanged our vows there. Thing Two played the trumpet.

My wedding gown was stunning, a sight to be seen

We were married by Sylvester McMonkey McBean.

Such a special occasion but all the Whos stayed away.

My parents and friends, they disowned me that day.

Some folks don't accept couples that are diverse.

Some people think certain loves are perverse.

But I didn't care what anyone said.

I followed my heart. And so I was wed.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

After the reception I moved right into his cave

But it wasn't a cave. It looked like a grave!

It was dreary and dark and smelled like you'd think.

No toilet. No plumbing. No kitchen. No sink.

How could anyone actually live in this hell?

In Who-ville everything was so bright and pastel.

I had to make the most of this new situation

So I gave it a makeover to reduce my frustration.

I rolled up my sleeves, and oh, I cleaned each  
little nook, every corner with bleach, bleach, bleach, bleach.

I went down to Who Depot and purchased a drape,  
some towels and rugs, to change the landscape.

I hung pictures and prints and several dried flowers  
Oh the time that I spent. That remodel took hours.

But soon with my touch, we now had a nice place.

I looked at my husband. He had a smile on his face.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

I loved that green manbeast. I swear that I did.

And soon it came time for me to pop out that kid.

Ohh. My labor was tough. My contractions were numerous.

And I freaked when I saw what came outta my uterus.

See, my child was not a small bundle of joy

But a large glob of green. Was it a girl or a boy?

With the fur and the paws it looked just like its Daddy.

With no who dilly attached, I named the kid Patti.

So we started a family, as I lay there beside her

I hoped my husband would be a decent provider.

But I soon realized he hadn't a job.

He just sat around all day being a great, big, fat slob.

So I tried to get work - filled out application, application.

But no Who would hire me after I made such a sensation.

They all knew I ran off with that 'ol scary monster

So no one would help us or offer to sponsor

a meal or clothing or any knitwear.

We even got denied for WhoShield health care.

(This was before Obama.)

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

Life was tough. We were poor and on the downswing.

And my husband turned right back into a nasty old thing.

He didn't help me find food or care about clothing.

That Grinch just sat on his ass - increasing my loathing.

What a fool I was. I should have married McGurk.

That was it. I called Morris and I begged him for work.

He took pity on me, brought me right into the loop

I worked at his circus and cleaned elephant poop.

(Really? You're gonna judge me during the holidays? Nice.)

The next few years we scraped by on my income

I didn't make much money. But at least it was some.

Then one day at work, the folks from PETA came to town

They released all the animals. Shut that circus right down.

It went from bad to worse by that next Christmas Evenin'

Patti was now seven. We were hungry and freezin'.

I went outside for a smoke and to ponder my woes

When I saw our dog Max had turned icy and froze.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

My dumb spouse forgot to bring him in the night prior.

I rushed Max inside. Put him next to the fire.

But despite my attempt, there was no winning path.

Max was dead.

We were starving.

That's right. Do the math.

I put Max in the oven now I know this might sicken-

But I sliced him and served. Dog tastes just like chicken.

*A paper airplane flies through the open window and lands on the couch.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Oh, would you look at this here. This small paper jet.

I know what this is. It's another regret.

Well. Let's read it and see what this letter produces

and who now is cancelling and what their excuse is.

*She opens the paper, reads:*

CINDY LOU WHO

"Dear Cindy Lou. I know this is sudden and awfully rash  
but we sadly can no longer come to your holiday bash.

We had every intention to show up at your trailer  
but my wife had an asthma attack and lost her inhaler.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

The four of us all send you a holiday kiss,

Signed, One, Two, Red and Blue Fish".

*Beat.*

FISH HAVE GILLS!! HOW CAN THEY HAVE ASTHMA ATTACKS??!!

*Then:*

Oh, I know what is happening. They won't say it to my face.

But no one is brave enough to show up at my place.

See the last part of my story is where it gets twisted.

And you'll all soon know how I got - well - black listed.

So I already told you how I cooked up our hound

But the end to my tale I'm sure will astound.

See? When my husband dug in he started to holler.

As he was chewing his food he bit into the collar.

"It's your fault!" I screamed, irate and upset.

"You don't have a job! So we're eating our pet!"

Enraged, he came at me cursing and swinging.

I ran out of the cave - as I heard the bells ringing.

Christmas Day had arrived. The sun was just peeking.

The Whos began waking. Their front doors all creaking.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

I saw my family and friends gather 'round that same tree.

How I loved that tradition, when I was just three.

Then my husband came out with a rock in his mitt.

It was him or me now. I don't put up with that shit.

He lunged for me, soon moving in for the kill.

I stepped quick to the left and he slipped down the hill.

Thousands of feet my husband would fall.

The saddest part was? I wasn't that sad at all.

The police soon arrived when they found his dead carcass

I didn't shed a tear. They all thought I was heartless.

They dragged me downtown and began all their questions

I couldn't afford counsel so I relied on suggestions.

They charged me that night with a murder offense.

I pleaded with them. "It was just self defense!"

It was in all the papers and on TV shows

All the whispers and gossip people chose to suppose

They called me a killer. Some cold hearted wife

Who had plotted and planned to take her own husband's life.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

But I didn't do anything 'cept protect myself and my child

But the press had a field day. The rumors grew wild.

No one believed sweet Cindy Lou Who

They just painted me as some sick, psychopath shrew.

I watched those twelve people the lawyers did choose

a jury of my peers, all consisting of Whos.

They found me guilty. And said that I lied.

They charged me with murder and with yes, "canicide".

They put me in handcuffs for all of my slaughter.

I watched as they soon took away my young daughter.

They first brought my kid to my parents for protection

But when they saw what she looked like, she got their rejection.

They didn't want other Who families to know of this grandchild

So they slammed their front door, and Patti was exiled.

She was placed soon enough in an orphanage cage

Where she would stay until she was of legal age.

The last time I saw Patti was in that one courtroom pew

My last words to her were, "Mommy loves you".

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

Two guards threw me in a van like some Who-Villy trash  
As the paparazzi took pictures, all the cameras did flash  
We went for a long ride, till we arrived in fresh hell  
At a prison located in Motta-fa-Potta-fa-Pell

*The lights immediately change to a harsher look as we hear a metal door slam. Cue underlying music.*

CINDY LOU WHO

They led me through the front gate past the mirrored reflector  
Where I first had to step through a metal detector.  
They ripped my clothes off, a time of such gravity  
While a female matron began searching my cavity  
(And I ain't talkin' dental).

I was placed in a holding cell and interviewed by some chump  
Where I was booked by a woman who looked like Donald Trump.  
(Don't boo. Vote).

The reality of my plight began to soon hit  
As they determined which building would be my unit.  
For three long days I sat alone in that cell  
I had no comb. No barrettes. Not even hair gel.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

All my past choices now seemed oh so wrong.

I got involved with a Grinch - which was wrong all along.

But despite that being the cause of my quandary

There was only one person that I wanted to see.

(sings)

I DON'T WANT A LOT FOR CHRISTMAS  
THERE IS JUST ONE THING I CRAVE  
I DON'T CARE ABOUT MY FREEDOM  
AS I ROT HERE IN THIS GRAVE  
I JUST WANT MY BABY GIRL  
IF I CAN'T SEE HER I MAY HURL  
MAKE MY WISH COME TRUE  
(Oh, Patti)  
ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS YOU

*Lights change.*

I DON'T WANT A LOT FOR CHRISTMAS  
NO JINGLINGERS NO TARTINKAS  
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR FLU-FLU-FLUVERS  
AND WHO-WHOVERS AND GARDINKAS  
I DON'T NEED TO TAPE MY STOCKING  
TO THESE COLD HARD PRISON BARS  
SANTA CLAUS CAN'T CURE OR FIX  
MY EMOTIONAL, MENTAL SCARS  
I JUST WANT MY LITTLE KID  
TO NOT HATE ME FOR WHAT I DID  
MAKE MY WISH COME TRUE  
PATTI, ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS YOU  
OH, MY BABY

I WON'T ASK FOR SQUAT THIS CHRISTMAS  
THIS I SWEAR ON MY LAST BREATH  
I WILL GIVE UP CIGS AND LIQUOR  
AND I WILL STOP SMOKING METH  
I WON'T SLEEP AROUND THIS SEASON  
I DO PROMISE YOU SAINT NICK  
I WON'T BE WITH NO MORE MEN  
EVEN THOSE WITH AN INFLATED - EGO

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

I JUST WANT TO HOLD MY CHILD  
AND HAVE THIS ISSUE RECONCILED  
WHAT MORE CAN I DO?  
PATTI, ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS YOU  
YOU, MY BABY  
OHH

ALL MY LIFE I WAS SO INNOCENT AND GOOD  
WHY'D I LEAVE MY FAMILY - I NEVER EVER SHOULD  
I SPIT ON MY UPBRINGING  
AND NOW I'M STUCK HERE SINGING  
SANTA, WON'T YOU BRING ME THE ONE I REALLY NEED?  
WON'T YOU PLEASE BRING MY BABY TO ME?

OH, I DON'T WANT A LOT FOR CHRISTMAS  
I WON'T SCREAM AND I WON'T YELL  
I JUST WANT TO SEE MY BABY  
STANDING OUTSIDE OF THIS CELL  
OH, I JUST WANT TO HOLD YOU TIGHT  
ALL DAY LONG AND THROUGH THE NIGHT  
MAKE MY WISH COME TRUE  
PATTI, ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS YOU  
YOU, BABY  
ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS YOU, BABY.  
ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS YOU, BABY.  
ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS YOU, BABY.  
ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS YOU, BABY.

*Lights resume.*

CINDY LOU WHO

A few days later, they pulled me from that compartment  
I thought now I'd be moving into a nice lil' apartment  
But the cell where they put me was smaller than the first.  
Two bunk beds and a toilet. Oh yeah. It got worse.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

So I laid on the bottom bed and tried to get rest

But I soon was awakened by a ferocious new guest.

This bossy old woman who was loud and was large

She was my new cellmate who they called Bad-Mouth Marge.

"Whatcha doin' on my bed?! The bottom bunk Marge owns!

Get your ass off that mattress, you sad bag 'o bones!"

"I'm so sorry" I trembled. I was scared and shaken.

"Yeah, well don't do it again or I'll fry your damn bacon!"

(I had no clue what she was talking about but it didn't sound like something I would particularly enjoy).

"Whatcha in for, Petunia? Tell Marge whatcha did.

Did ya write some bad checks? Did ya diddle some kid?"

"They think I killed my husband, that's what they say that I've done.

But I swear I didn't do it. That's my 411."

"We all didn't do it." Marge approved in her spewin'.

"I killed my man too cause my sister he was screwin'.

So I shot her first, then cut him up with a knife

It's no one's surprise that I'm in here for life".

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

Okay. Now I was horrified. I did not like Marge fully.

I mean, I didn't want to live with another mean bully.

"One more thing and we'll get along fine".

"What is it?" I asked. "STOP TALKING IN RHYME!"

"But that's how all the Whos talk" I tried to explain.

"Well you ain't no Who here! It's time you speak plain!"

"Don't you tell me what to do!" I unexpectedly blared.

As Marge came toward me with her nostrils all flared.

"Don't make me hurt you!" as Marge moved into my space.

I didn't know how to respond - so I spit in her face.

Well that was it. I just thought I was dead.

But what Marge did was so surprising instead.

She reached out her hand and said "Good for you.

Ya need to be tough and a little cuckoo

To survive in this place!" Marge bellowed with pride.

And as I shook her soft hand, I started to cry.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

Marge sat me down, put her arm 'round my shoulder.

"Listen to someone who's a little wiser and older".

She wiped 'way my tears, rubbed the hair on my head

And started to rock me as she turned and she said.

"Listen here, Buttercup. Lockup is hell.

Don't let on that you're scared if you wanna excel".

I knew she was right. I'd have to fight daily wars

If I was gonna survive with these skanks and these whores".

Marge taught me to make the most of my difficult plight.

I worked in the laundry. Made crafts at night.

Together with Marge it all became bearable

My life wasn't over. It was completely repairable.

I started taking college courses online every week.

Biology. Alegbra. I even learned me some Greek.

After years of hard study, I got an online degree

I majored in business through DeVry University.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

I was no longer puzzled, perturbed or perplexed.

I even tried me some of that lesbian sex.

(It wasn't half bad. (*points to woman*) You know what I'm talking about).

Ten years into my sentence I had brains. I had brawn.

But one summer morning I saw Marge was now gone.

"Where is she?!" I screamed. "What'd ya do with my pal?!"

Marge had been transferred to another jail by the canal.

I slept in her bed in that now quiet cell

I could still feel her there. I could still smell her smell.

I missed that old coot. Oh, I missed Marge a lot.

But soon this new bitch was now sitting on her old cot.

"Get off that bed, Missy!" I screamed at that girl.

"I sleep there now!" Ooo, she got my skirt in a twirl!

This scared, little thing, she just started to weep

I didn't mean to upset her. I'm not some, mean creep.

My heart went out to this lost little tike.

I was in her shoes once. I know what that's like.

So I gave her the same talk that 'ol Marge she gave me.

With an arm on her shoulder and a hand on her knee.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

Sometimes good people just do some bad stuff.

But they can get right back on track if they want to enough.

And then there are others who don't budge one inch.

So listen up gays and ladies: a Grinch stays a Grinch.

A few years later, I was jumping with glee

I had made my parole. They were setting me free.

I said goodbye to the girls, I was no longer broken.

I gathered my things as the jail door slid open.

*The lights immediately change back as we hear a metal door slam. The underlying music stops.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Ya know, in prison I stumbled upon what I needed to find.

It was me that I found, all that time being confined.

Cause you wanna know somethin'? And this is the truth.

Cindy Lou Who is not the girl of her youth.

There's a force out there so loving and giving.

Whatever that is takes care of all that is living.

So I guess I am grateful for all that's transpired.

It made me stronger and wiser. It's what was required.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

They released me last month for my good behavior

My great uncle who died - he, umm, left me this trailer.

As for my Patti, I've never seen her again.

She has her own life with her new family and friends.

How many times I tried to reach out?

But she still blames me I guess. She has such anger and doubt.

She's a young woman now and looks like my clone

Well, that is, if you overlook skin tone.

Rumor has it she's happy, so gifted, such smarts,

She actually chose a career in the arts.

After studying voice with coach Maurice DeCricked

She now plays Elphaba in the National Tour of "Wicked".

Spending Christmas with Patti would have been so ideal

Well maybe next year when her emotions can heal.

That's why I threw this party, to make it more easy

Cause Christmas Eves always make me so anxious and --

*The telephone rings.*

CINDY LOU WHO

*(Softly to herself) -- queasy.*

*The telephone rings again. She stares at it for a moment.  
Sadly, she picks up the receiver.*

CINDY LOU WHO

*(Into phone) You don't have to tell me. I know you're not comin'.*

Oh stop with the lies! Cant you just be forthcomin'?

None of you want to be seen with me now?

Because of my past? You all disavow.

Well. I thank you for calling. And speaking with reason.

Yes. And to you all as well. You enjoy the bright season.

*She hangs up the phone. Pause.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Well. I'm afraid that is that. No one will be showing.

I might as well turn off the lights.

*She gets up and turns off a few lamps.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Oh look. It's snowing.

*She looks out the window for a moment.*

CINDY LOU WHO

So many people are out there tonight.

In the arms of their loved ones. Holding them tight.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

Tomorrow they'll wake and exchange a nice gift.

Having someone here now would sure give my spirit a lift.

*She takes the blanket off the back of couch.*

Ehh. It's just another day. It will all be over soon.

I should go to bed now. Sleep way past noon.

*She lays down on the couch and covers herself with the blanket.*

CINDY LOU WHO

I tried to reach out to all of my friends.

But they no longer like me. So this is how it all ends.

You should go home now to the people you love.

I'll be fine. I'm okay. Well. Maybe. Kind of.

*She quietly begins crying on the couch. Long Pause.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Why are you still sitting there looking at me?

Don't you have places that you need to be?

You don't have to stay. I don't want your damn pity.

There are so many things to do and see in the city.

*Pause.*

CINDY LOU WHO

And yet you remain. None of you stir.

Maybe I was wrong about who my friends really were.

All of this time you've been in front of my eyes.

We laughed and we talked. I had fun with you guys.

I have an idea. Now just lend me your ear.

But would you like to spend Christmas Eve with me here?

\_\_\_\_\_? Would you? And \_\_\_\_\_ would you stay?

Well, don't just sit there. Come up. Come on. Don't delay!

*She begins bringing them up onstage.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Oh, and each of you bring another person or two.

We'll have our own party. We all will make do.

*She brings more people onstage.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Ohhh. Look at you all. Such beautiful souls.

Have a drink. Have some food. There's chips in those bowls.

Hey. I know. Let's all sing a song by the pine!

You all can do melody. But harmony's mine.

CINDY LOU WHO (Cont'd)

Ohh. But I don't have a piano cause I just have one room.

Wait. I know how we'll be able to carry a tune.

I will open this box. A rare musical thing.

*She opens a nearby music box. It begins to play.*

Oh, that's just perfect. Come on friends. Let's sing.

EVERYONE

(Singing)

HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS  
LET YOUR HEART BE LIGHT  
FROM NOW ON OUR TROUBLES WILL BE OUT OF SIGHT

HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS  
MAKE THE YULETIDE GAY  
FROM NOW ON OUR TROUBLES WILL BE MILES AWAY

(Okay, now shut up cause this part is just me)

CINDY LOU WHO

HERE WE ARE AS IN OLDEN DAYS  
HAPPY GOLDEN DAYS OF YORE  
FAITHFUL FRIENDS WHO ARE DEAR TO US  
GATHER NEAR TO US ONCE MORE

(Now I want to hear everyone! Even you people in the cheap seats!)

EVERYONE

THROUGH THE YEARS WE ALL WILL BE TOGETHER  
IF THE FATES ALLOW  
HANG A SHINING STAR UPON THE HIGHEST BOUGH  
AND HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS NOW.

*She speaks to her onstage guests, directing them what to do.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Let's bring this party out there to the group!

Take some bowls and some drinks. There you go. Come on troop!

We'll make this one big crazy holiday bash.

But Christmas or not, I ain't sharing my stash.

*The guests have now left the stage.*

CINDY LOU WHO

It's been so wonderful spending time with you folks.

You were such a great crowd. You got most of the jokes.

But before you all go, I just want to say this

And I hope it brings all of you some seasonal bliss.

*(sings)*

I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

GLAD TIDINGS I BRING  
TO YOU AND YOUR KIN  
GLAD TIDINGS FOR CHRISTMAS  
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR  
I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND A HAPPY NEW -

*The doorbell rings.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Ugh. I'm sure it's those kids from before who were bratty.

*Cindy walks to the front window, peeks out.*

CINDY LOU WHO

Wait. That's not them. Oh my God!

*She turns to the audience.*

CINDY LOU WHO

(Screams) IT'S PATTI!!!

*Blackout.*

END OF PLAY